PETER RABBIT
AND
JIMMY
CHIPMUNK

PETER RABBIT

To Lloyd Arnold
from Mrs. Hamlin
Wishing you many more
happy birthdays.
Jan. 23 - 1919.

JIMMY CHIPMUNK

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Lloyd Arnold
620 Quimby St
Portland Ore

LLOYD ARNOLD☆
620 QUIMBY ST.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Peter Rabbit

and

Jimmy Chipmunk

Lloyd Arnold
620 Quimby St
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Jan 23 / 919.

PETER RABBIT
— AND —
JIMMY CHIPMUNK

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
Virginia Albert.

THE
SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK

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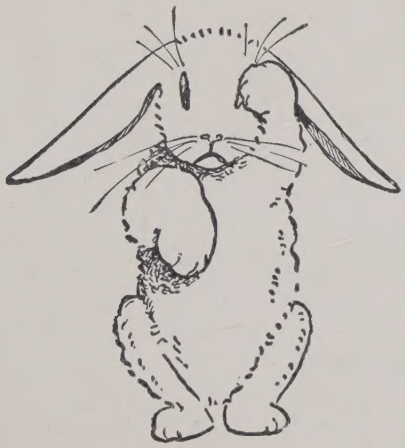
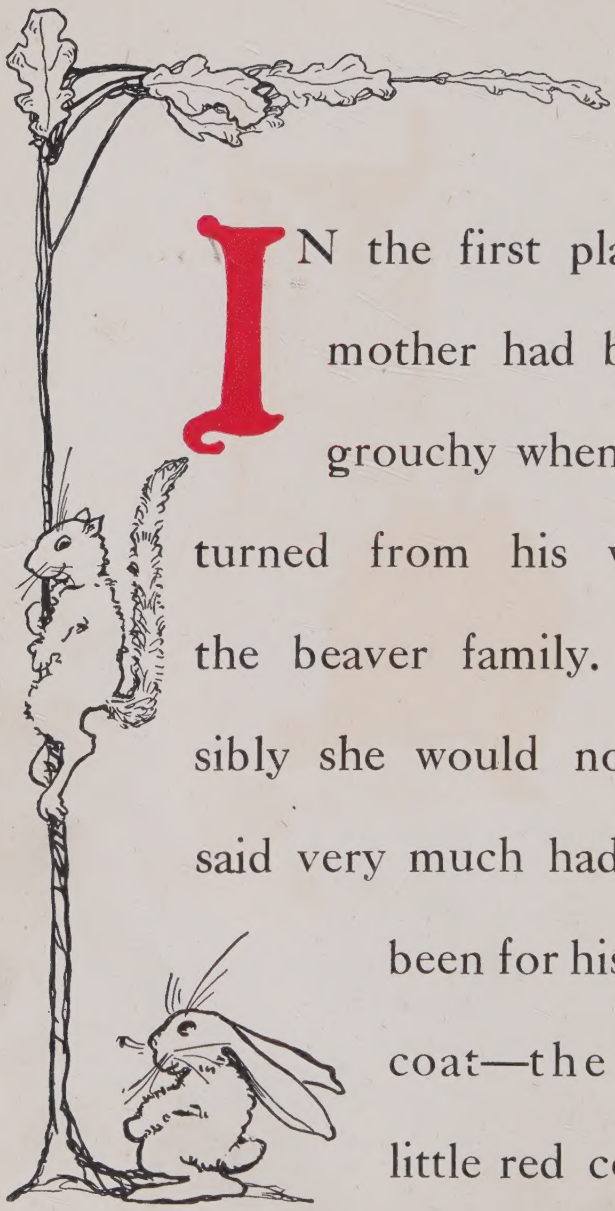
PETER RABBIT AND JIMMY CHIPMUNK

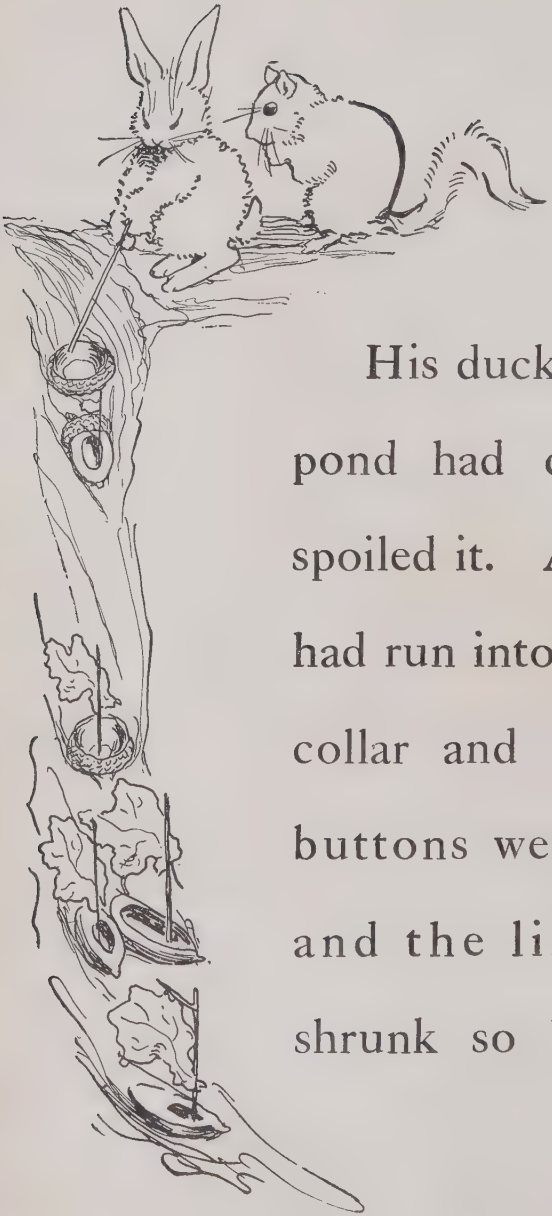
PETER RABBIT was feeling decidedly cross, for somehow it seemed that everything had gone wrong that day.





IN the first place, his mother had been so grouchy when he returned from his visit to the beaver family. Possibly she would not have said very much had it not been for his ruined coat—the smart little red coat that

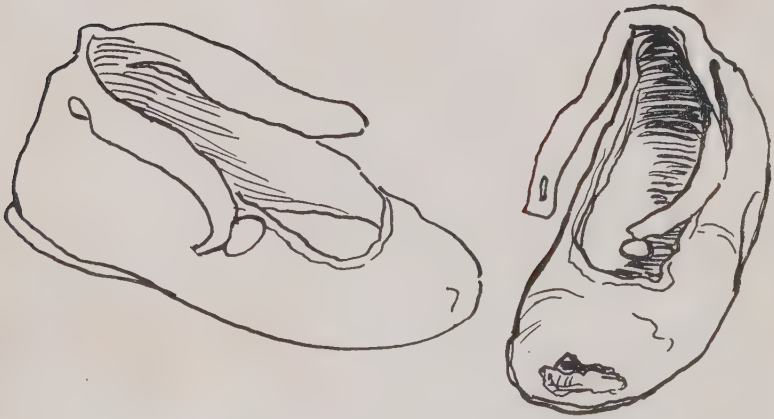
she had taken such pains to make.



His ducking in the pond had completely spoiled it. All the red had run into the black collar and cuffs, the buttons were rusted and the lining had shrunk so badly that

it looked more like a bag than a coat.

AS if this were not bad enough, he had



lost both shoes.

And his mother vowed that she would buy no more.

IT was the second outfit he had ruined.

Here, then, was a cheerful prospect.

No

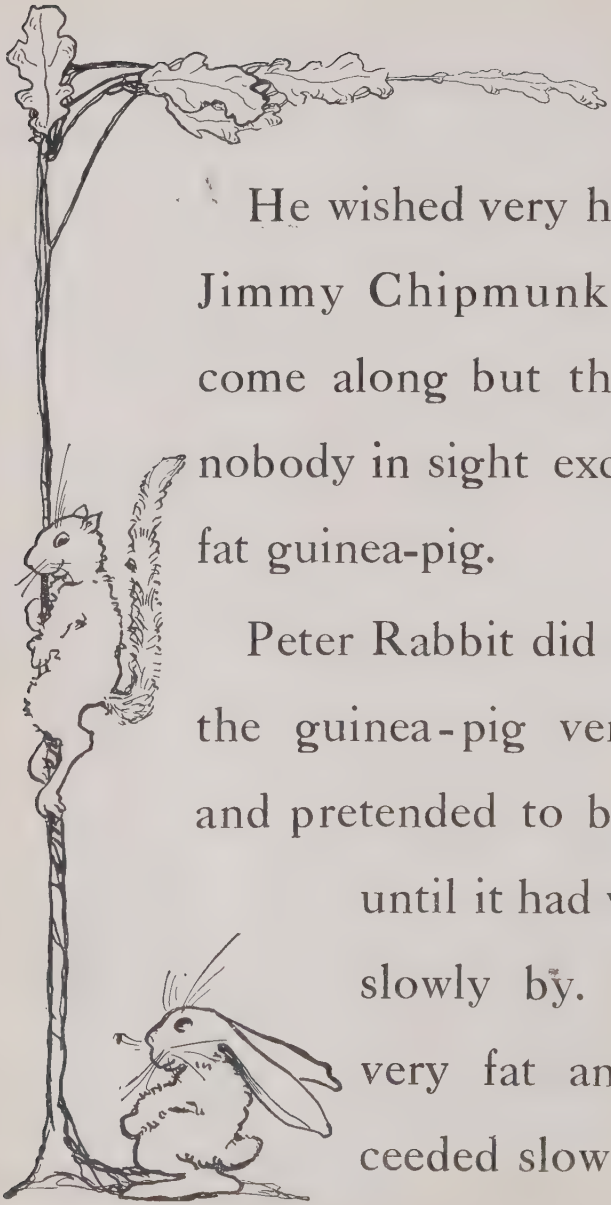
coat!

No

shoes!

Peter Rabbit was a little dandy,

AND the very thought of it almost drove him to tears.



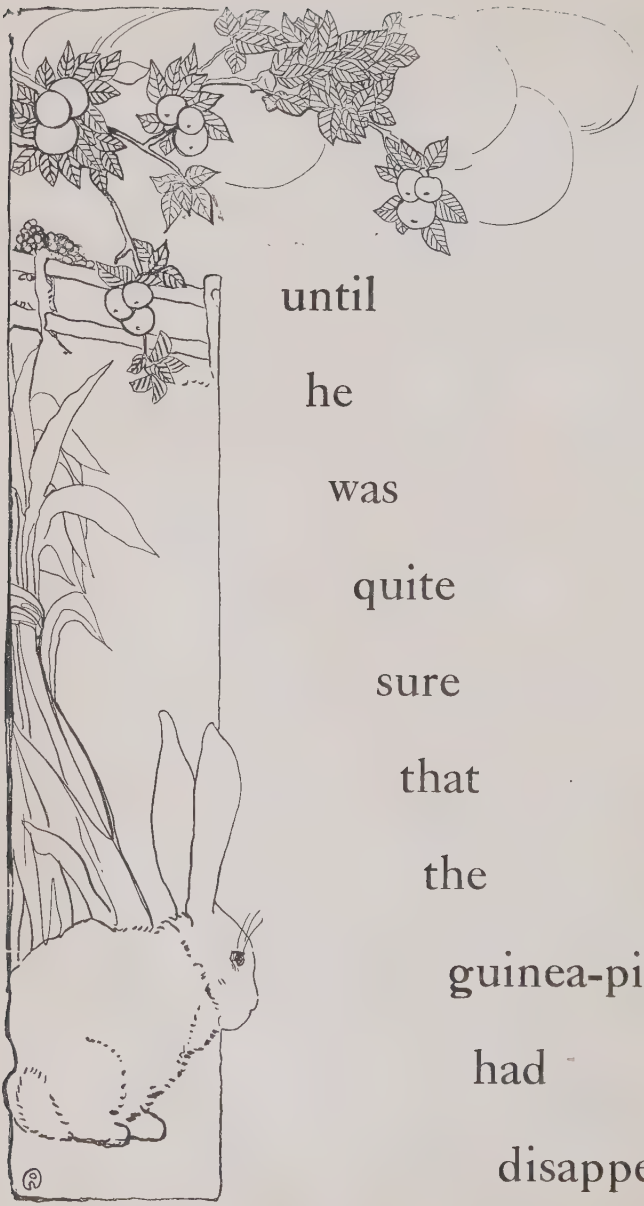
He wished very hard that Jimmy Chipmunk would come along but there was nobody in sight except the fat guinea-pig.

Peter Rabbit did not like the guinea-pig very well, and pretended to be asleep until it had waddled slowly by. It was very fat and proceeded slowly.

IT had a very short upper lip and two big front teeth that stuck out slantwise. Then there was usually a shred of

cabbage or a
lettuce leaf
hanging from the
corner of his mouth.
Altogether he
looked as though
he led a very
untidy life.

Peter Rabbit kept his eyes squeezed shut

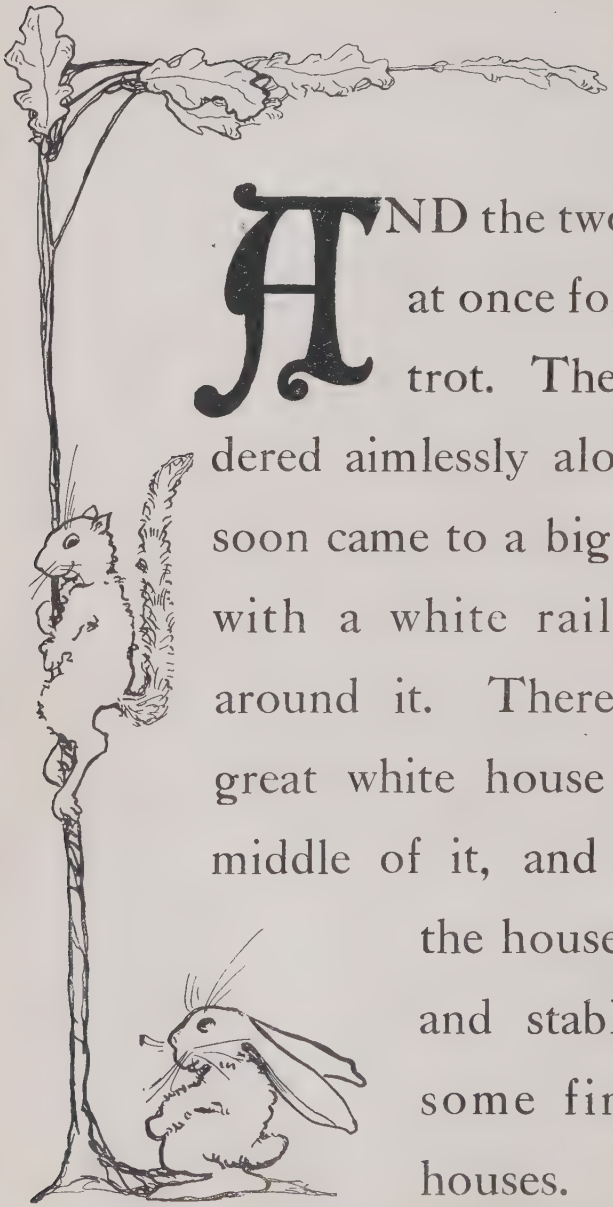


until
he
was
quite
sure
that
the
guinea-pig
had
disappeared.

When he
opened
them, he
beheld,
much to
his delight
Jimmy
Chipmunk
skipping
toward him

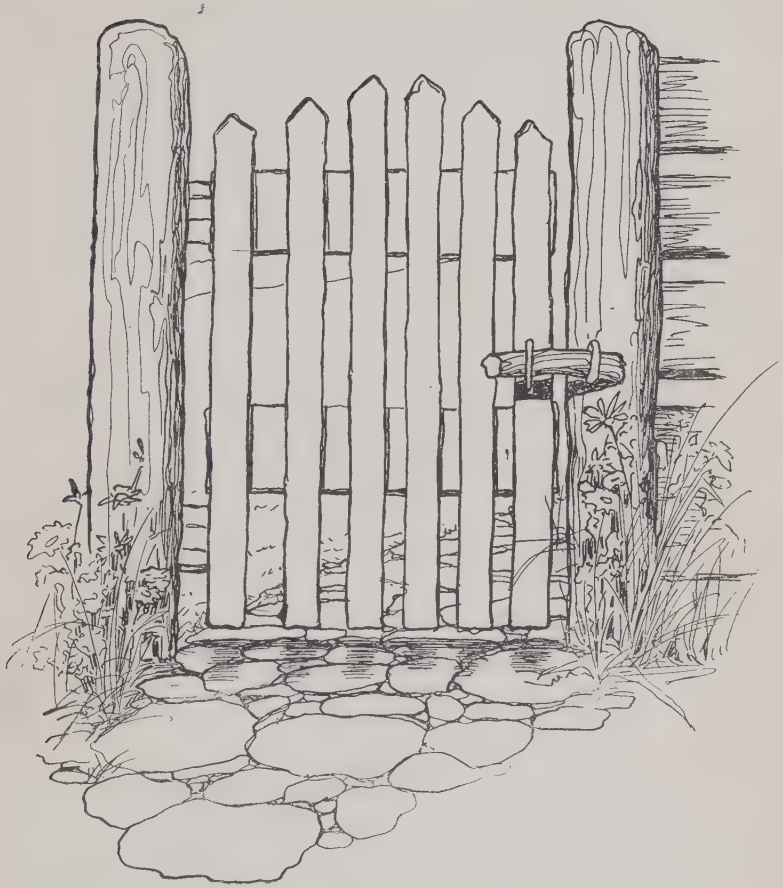
As fast as he could come.

Peter greeted him with rapture

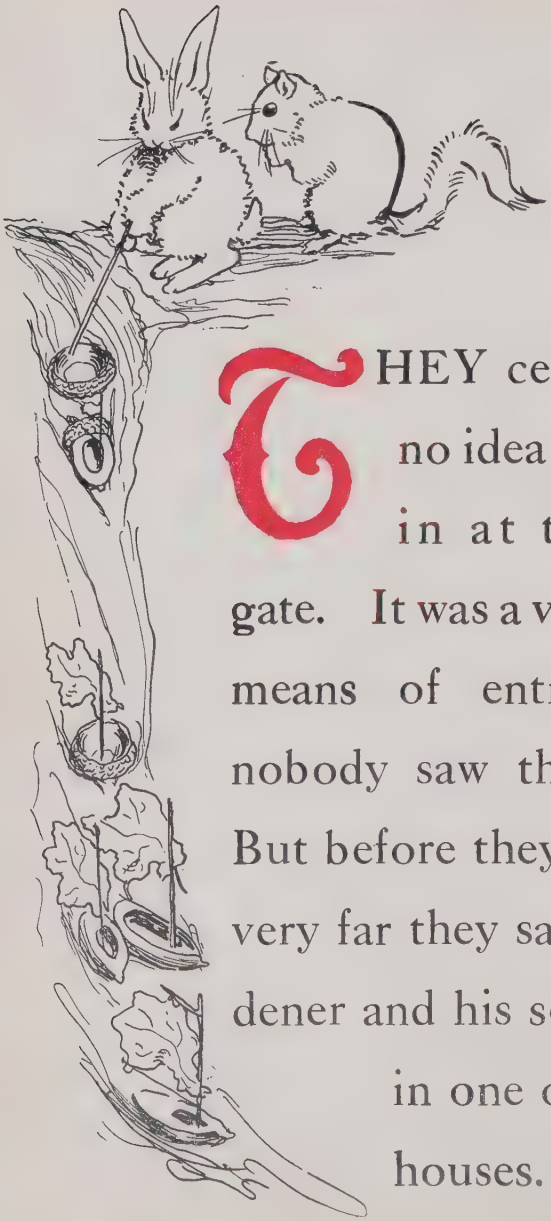


AND the two set off at once for a long trot. They wandered aimlessly along and soon came to a big garden with a white railing all around it. There was a great white house in the middle of it, and behind the house a barn and stables and some fine hothouses.

Down toward the barn they



saw a little gate opening in the side of a high fence and toward this they hurried as



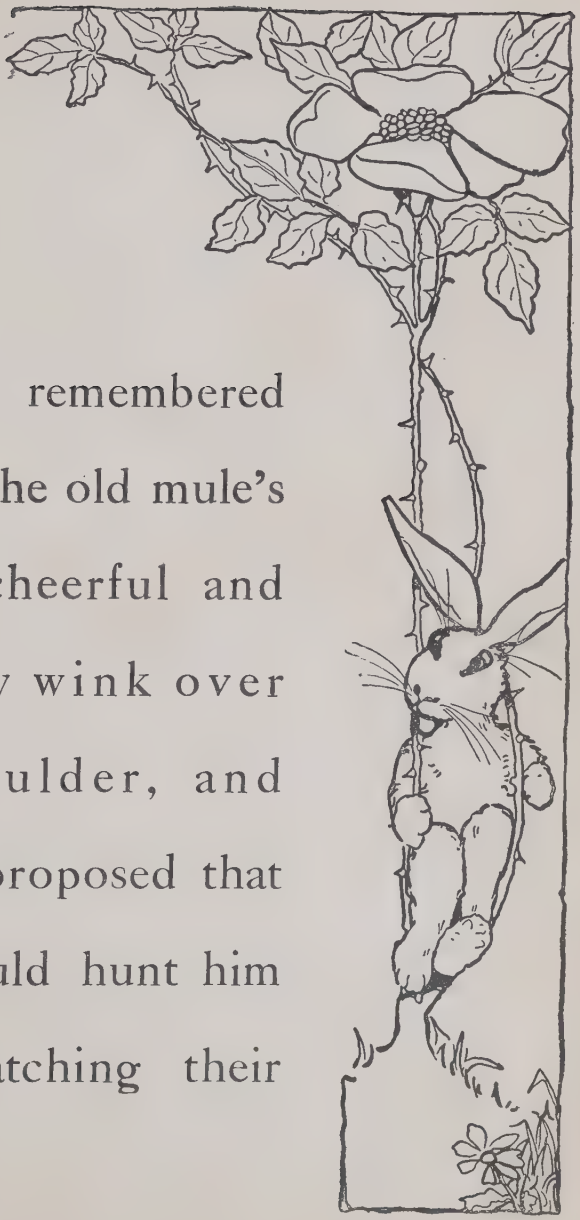
THEY certainly had no idea of walking in at the front gate. It was a very private means of entrance and nobody saw them at all. But before they had gone very far they saw the gardener and his son at work in one of the hot-houses.

THE gardener was a big red-headed man, and his son was also red-headed and freckled.

He had on a pair of very short blue overalls and an old straw hat with a hole in the crown, through which his red hair stuck straight up like a plume.

Peter Rabbit knew right away that he was the same boy he had seen a few days before driving the

old white mule. Peter Rabbit figured that the mule could not be very far from the red-headed boy.

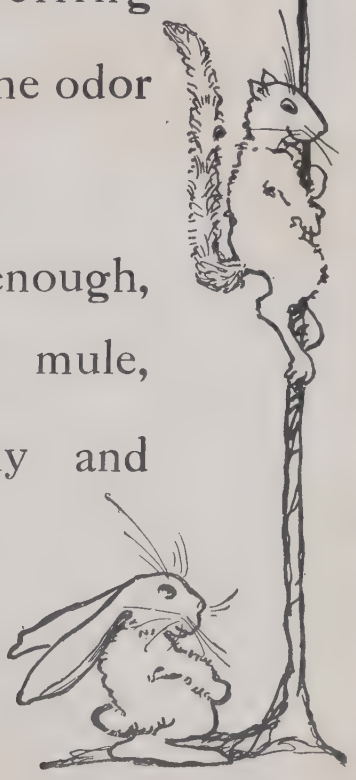


HE remembered the old mule's cheerful and friendly wink over his shoulder, and at once proposed that they should hunt him up. Watching their chance,

They scuttled across the open

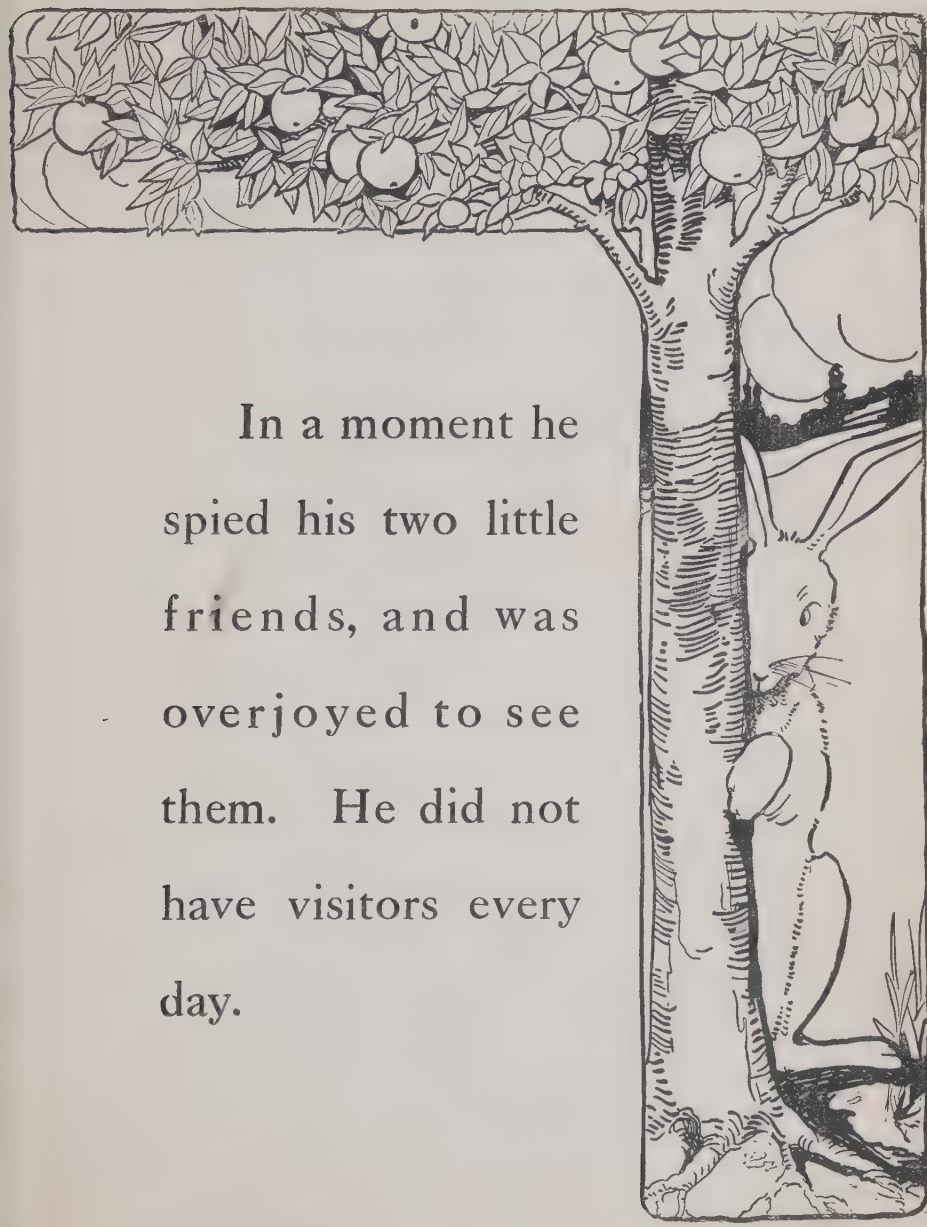
AND found themselves in a big, sweet smelling barn, fragrant with the odor of fresh hay.

And there, sure enough, was the old white mule, chewing contentedly and switching his tail back and forth.



His left ear flopped every time he turned his head and looked over his shoulder, which he did pretty often.

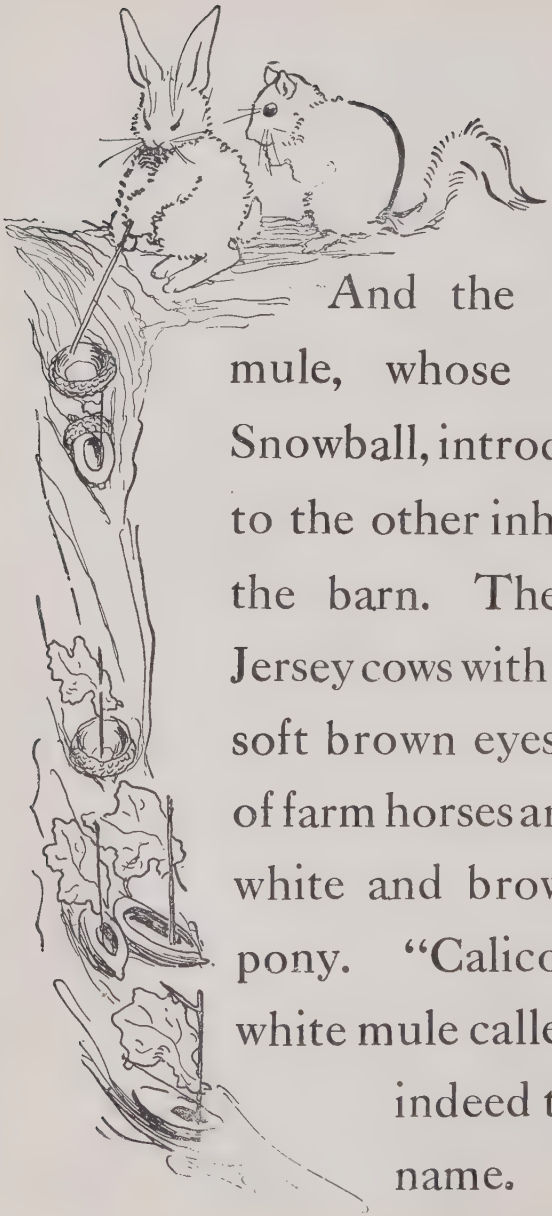
In fact, he looked just the same as ever, only there was no dust for him to kick up.



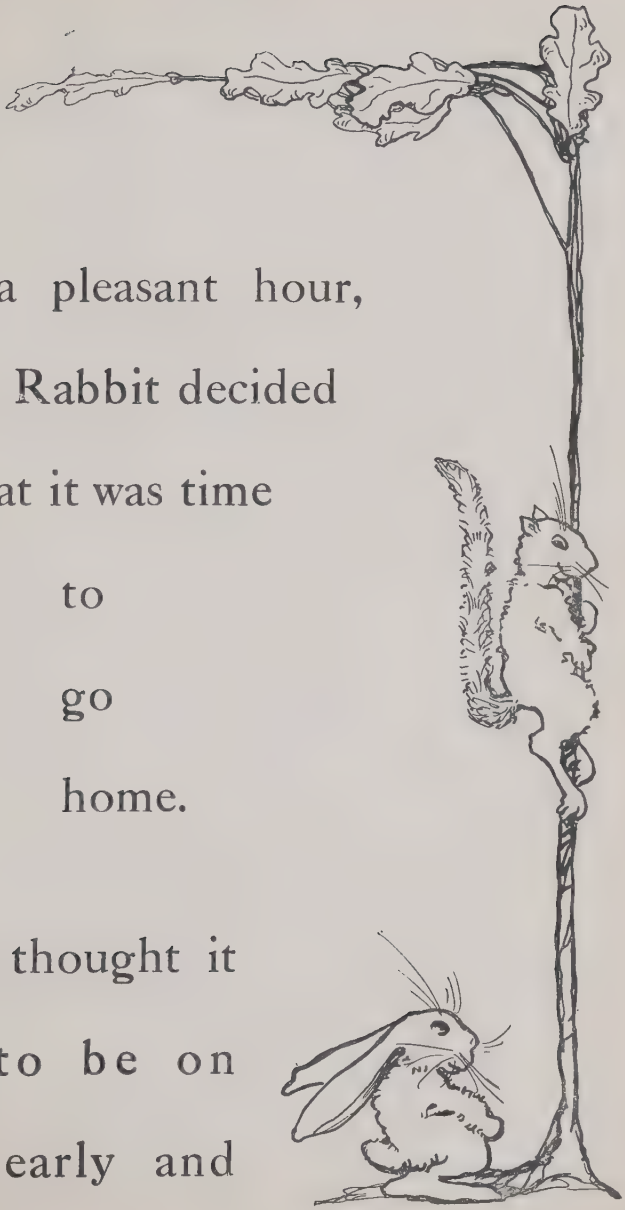
In a moment he spied his two little friends, and was overjoyed to see them. He did not have visitors every day.

So he greeted them warmly,

offered them part of his dinner, which was all he had in the way of refreshments, and the three fell to chatting very comfortably.

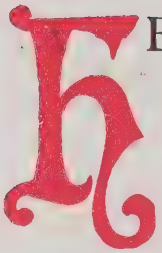


And the old white mule, whose name was Snowball, introduced them to the other inhabitants of the barn. The beautiful Jersey cows with their great, soft brown eyes, a couple of farm horses and a darling white and brown spotted pony. "Calico" the old white mule called him, and indeed that was his name.

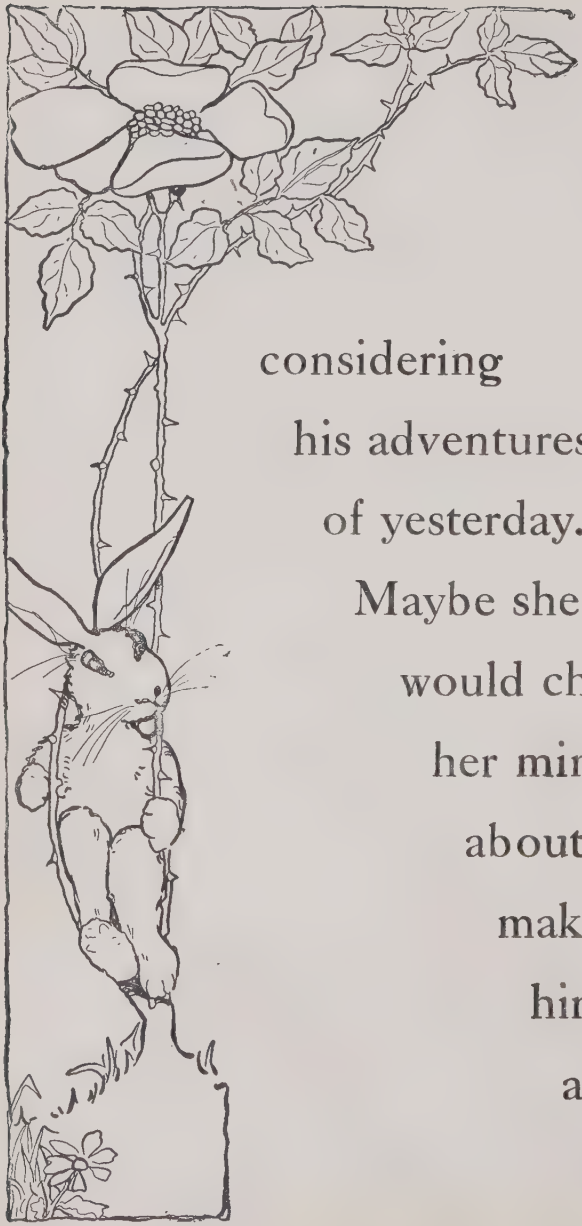


After a pleasant hour,
Peter Rabbit decided
that it was time
to
go
home.

He thought it
best to be on
hand early and



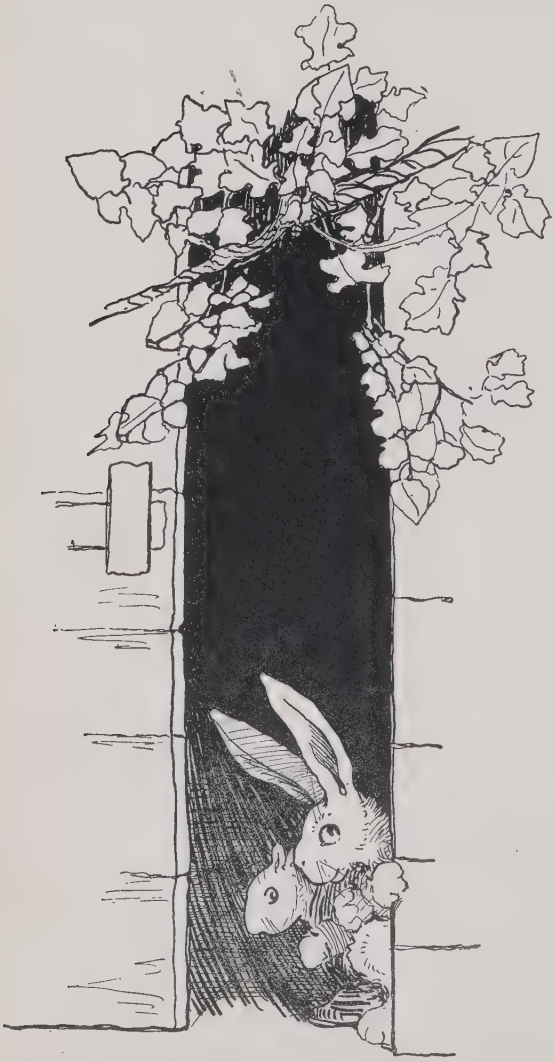
ELP his Ma out in some way or other,

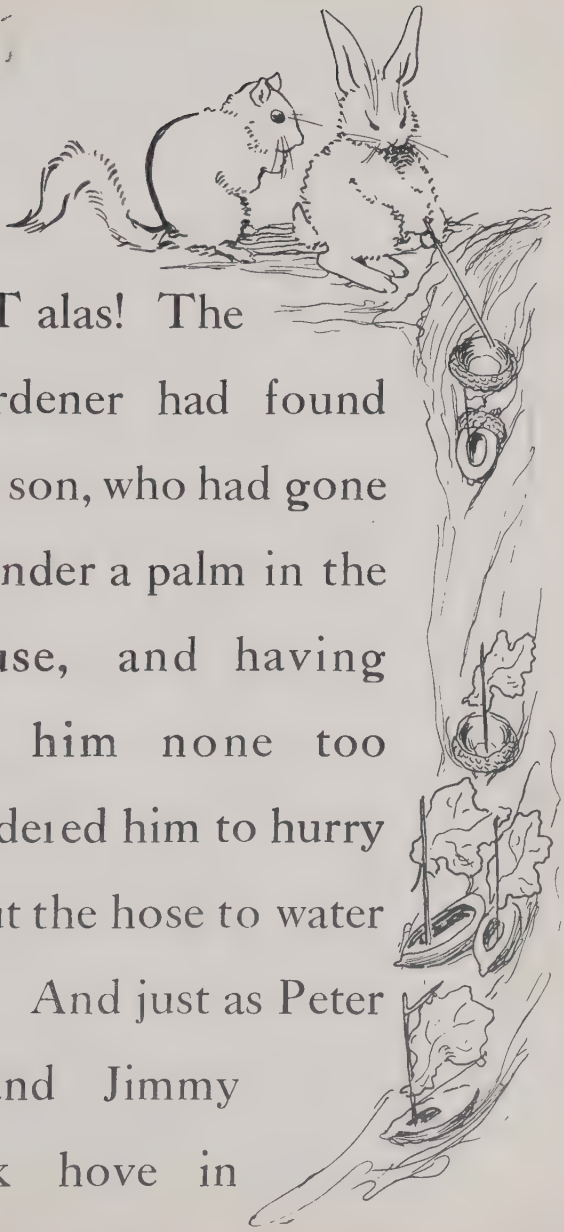


considering
his adventures
of yesterday.
Maybe she
would change
her mind
about
making
him
another
coat.

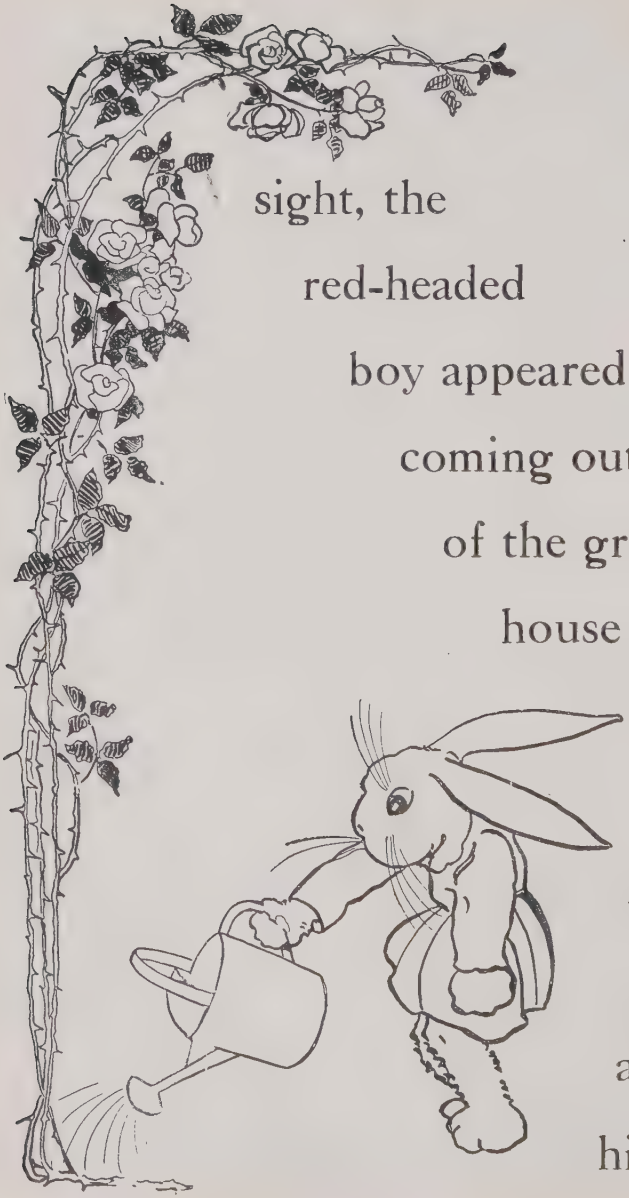
So, bidding good-bye to all the new friends and the old white mule, who promised to come around some evening and give them a ride on his back if he could pry himself loose,

the two little friends crept cautiously out of the barn and skipped across the lawn, hoping to get away as safely as they had come.





BUT alas! The gardener had found his son, who had gone to sleep under a palm in the greenhouse, and having awakened him none too gently, ordered him to hurry and get out the hose to water the lawn. And just as Peter Rabbit and Jimmy Chipmunk hove in



sight, the red-headed boy appeared coming out of the green-house with a great coil of rubber hose around his arm.

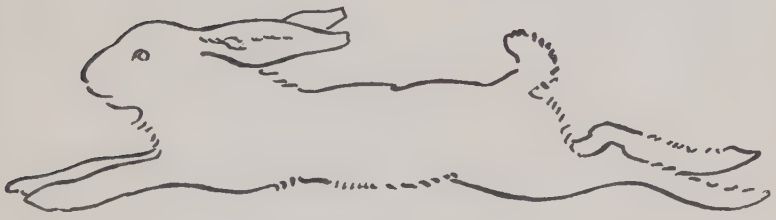
HIS father was right behind him, and he cried out angrily:

"Oh, there is that troublesome thief that has been spoiling all our young cabbages!"

And

he made a great leap, waving in his hand a big broom with which he had been sweeping out the greenhouse.

PETER RABBIT had never been near the place before, but he did not stop to argue the matter. He and Jimmy Chipmunk

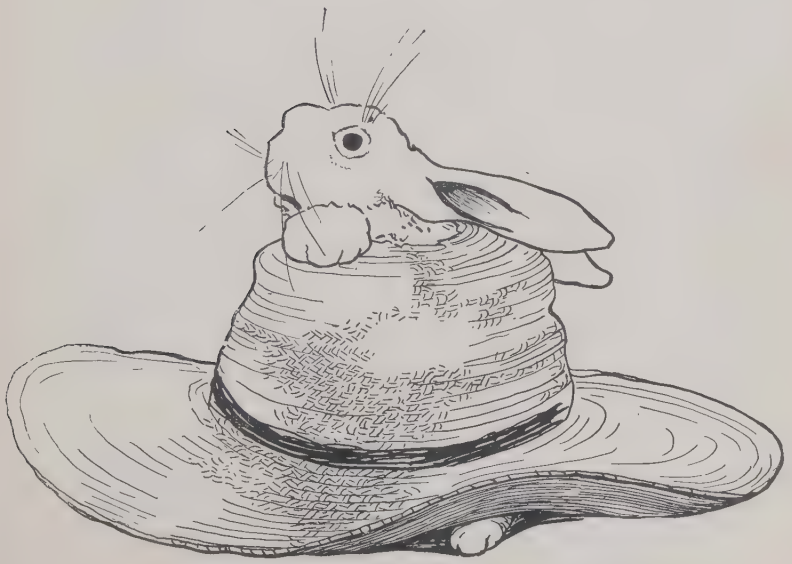


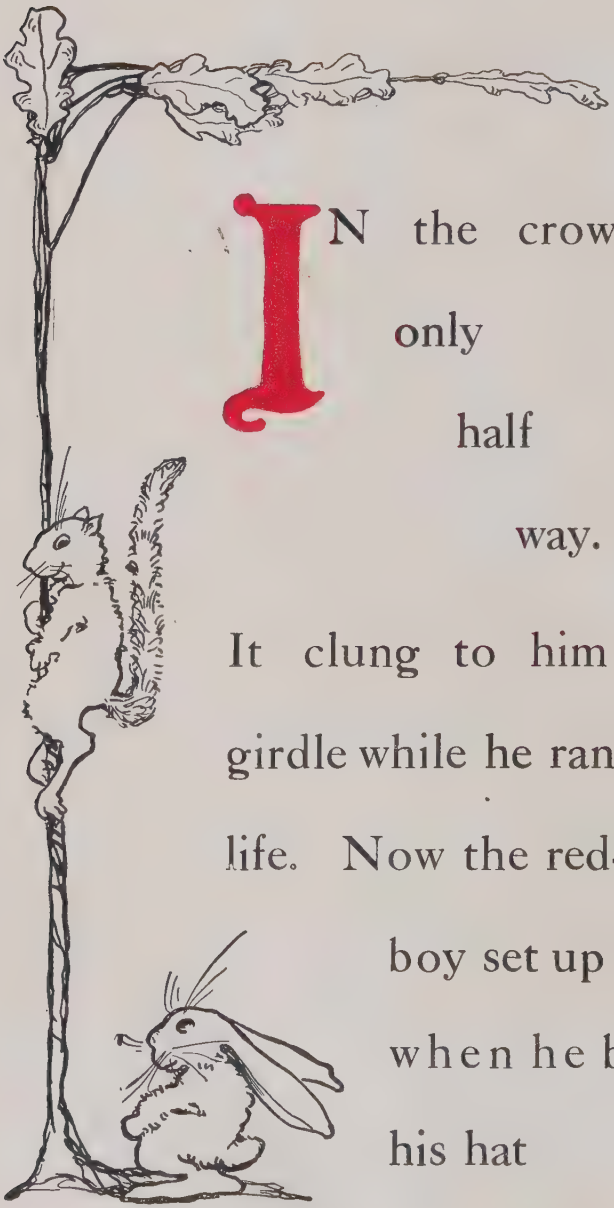
nimbly took to their heels and soon found that they were very well able to outrun both the gardener and his red-headed boy.

THE boy seeing that he was pretty sure to lose the race, suddenly pulled off his old straw hat and sent it spinning after Peter Rabbit.

Now if it had possessed a whole

crown, things would have gone very hard with Peter. But, as it was, the hat circled around in the air directly above his head and then dropped around and over him. Peter Rabbit leaped half way through the hole





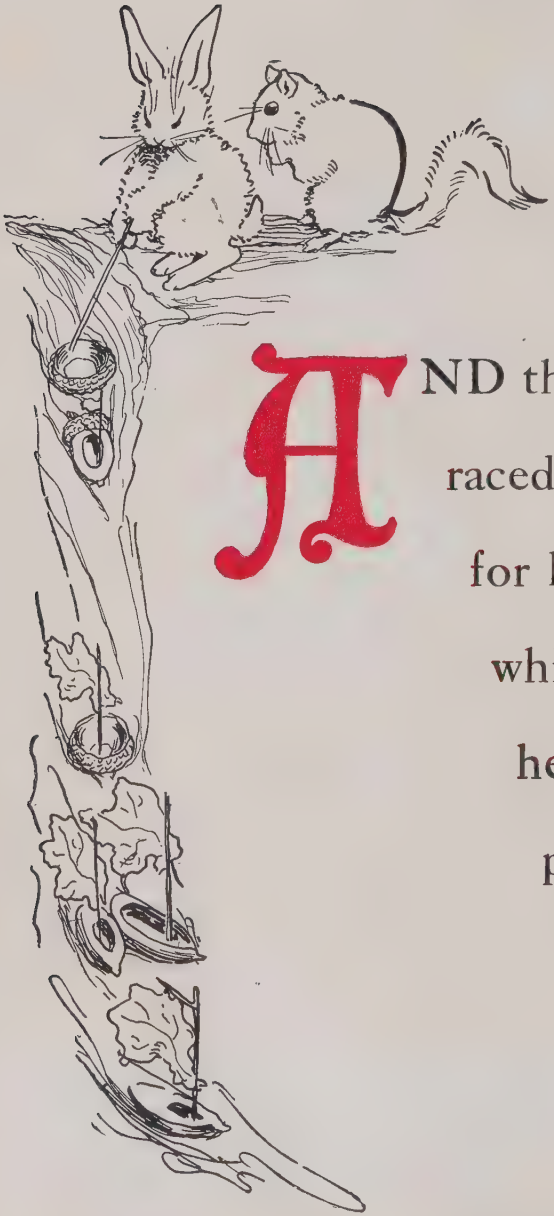
IN the crown, but only half way.

It clung to him like a girdle while he ran for his life. Now the red-headed boy set up a howl when he beheld his hat

racing off on four legs.

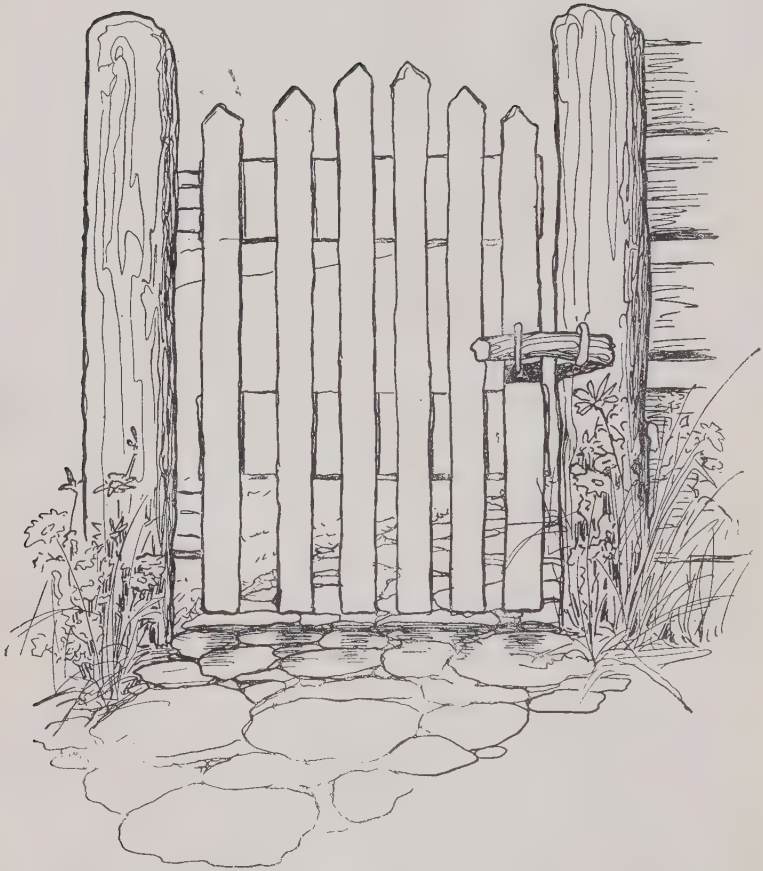
BUT as there was no help for it, he had to go back without it while Peter Rabbit, as soon as he felt quite safe from pursuit, stopped long enough

to step out of it.



AND then raced away for home, which he presently reached tired and

out of breath, but quite safe.



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